

Cap'n Warren's Wards



by JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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CAROLINE AND STEPHEN BREAK OFF DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS WITH THE CAPTAIN.

Synopsis.—Atwood Graves, New York lawyer, goes to South Densboro, Cape Cod, to see Captain Elisha Warren. Caught in a terrific storm while on the way, he meets Cap'n Warren by accident and goes with the latter to his home. The lawyer informs Cap'n Warren that his brother, whom he had not seen for eighteen years, has died and named him as guardian of his two children, Caroline aged twenty, and Stephen, aged nineteen. The captain tells Graves he will go to New York and look over the situation before deciding whether he will accept the trust. The captain's arrival in New York causes consternation among his wards and their aristocratic friends. The captain makes friends with James Pearson, a reporter; then he consults with Sylvester, head of Graves' firm. The captain decided to accept his brother's trust. Sylvester is pleased, but Graves expresses disgust and dismay. Pearson calls and is surprised, for he had known the young Warrens and their father. Caroline asks the captain's aid for a servant whose father was hurt by an auto. The captain finds that Malcolm Dunn had caused the injury, and makes him help in paying the sufferer's expenses until his death. Pearson tells the captain of a difference he had with Rogers Warren because he refused to help the latter in a shady transaction. The captain plans a birthday celebration for Caroline, but the latter, who with Steve had been spending the day with Dunns, fails to return for dinner.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

At last the bell rang. Captain Elisha sprang up, smiling, his impatience and worry forgotten, and, pushing the butler aside, hurried to open the door himself. He did so, and faced not his niece and nephew, but Pearson.

"Good evening, captain," hailed the young man cheerily. "Didn't expect me, did you? I dropped in for a moment to shake hands with you and to offer congratulations to Miss Warren."

Then, noticing the expression on his friend's face, he added: "What's the matter? Anything wrong? Am I intruding?"

"No, no! Course not. You're as welcome as another egg in a poor man's henhouse. Come right in and take off your things. I'm glad to see you. Only—well, the fact is I thought 'twas Caroline coming home. She and Steve was to be here over two hours ago, and I can't imagine what's keeping 'em."

He insisted upon his visitor's remaining, although the latter, when he understood the situation, was reluctant to do so.

But a good many minutes passed, and still they did not come. Pearson, aware of his companion's growing anxiety, chatted of the novel, of the people at the boarding house, of anything and everything he could think of likely to divert attention from the one important topic. The answers he received were more and more brief and absent. At last, when Edwards again appeared, appealingly mute, at the entrance to the dining room Captain Elisha, with a sigh which was almost a groan, surrendered.

"I guess," he said reluctantly—"I guess, Jim, there ain't any use waitin' any longer. Somethin's kept 'em, and they don't be here for dinner. You and I'll set down and eat—though I ain't got the appetite I cal'lated to have."

CHAPTER XI.

"Caroline, I Want You."

PEARSON had dined hours before, but he followed his friend, resolved to please the latter by going through the form of pretending to eat.

They sat down together. Captain Elisha, with a rueful smile, pointed to the floral centerpiece.

"We won't touch the birthday cake, Jim," he added a little later. "She's got to cut that herself."

The soup was only lukewarm, but neither of them commented on the fact. The captain had scarcely tasted of his when he paused, his spoon in air.

"Hey?" he exclaimed. "Listen! What's that? By the everlastin', it is. Here they are at last!"

He sprang up with such enthusiasm that his chair tilted backward against the butler's devoted shins. Pearson, almost as much pleased, also rose.

Captain Elisha paid scant attention to the chair incident.

"What are you waitin' for?" he demanded, whirling on Edwards, who was righting the chair with one hand and rubbing his knee with the other. "Don't you hear 'em at the door? Let 'em in!"

He reached the library first, his friend following more leisurely. Caroline and Stephen had just entered.

"Well," he cried in his querulous voice, his face beaming with relief and delight, "you are here, ain't you! I begun to think—Why, what's the matter?"

The question was addressed to Stephen, who stood nearest to him. The boy did not deign to reply. With a contemptuous grunt he turned scornfully away from his guardian.

"What is it, Caroline?" demanded Captain Elisha. "Has anything happened?"

The girl looked coldly at him. A new brooch—Mrs. Corcoran Dunn's birthday gift—sparkled at her throat.

sider him an—an ingrate—and a scoundrel—and a miserable—

"Steady!" Captain Elisha's interruption was sharp this time. "Steady now! Leave out the pet names. What is it you've got to tell?"

"I—my sister and I have found out what a scoundrel he is, that's what! We have learned of the lies he wrote about father. We know that he was responsible for all that cowardly, lying stuff in the Planet—all that about the trolley combine. And we don't intend that he shall sneak into this house again. If he was the least part of a man he would never have come."

"Mr. Warren"—began Pearson, stepping forward. The captain interrupted.

"Hold on, Jim!" he said. "Just a minute now. You've learned somethin', you say, Steve. The Dunns told you, I s'pose."

"Never mind who told me!"

"I don't—much. But I guess we'd better have a clear understandin', all of us. Caroline, will you come in here, please?"

He stepped toward the door. Stephen sprang in front of him.

"My sister doesn't intend to cheapen herself by entering that man's presence," he declared hotly. "I'll deal with him myself."

"All right. But I guess she'd better be here just the same. Caroline, I want you."

"She shan't come."

"Yes; she shall. Caroline!"

The boy would have detained him, but he pushed him firmly aside and walked toward the door. Before he reached it, however, his niece appeared.

"Well," she said coldly, "what is it you want of me?"

"I want you to hear Mr. Pearson's side of this business—and mine before you do anything you'll be sorry for."

"I think I've heard quite enough of Mr. Pearson already. Nothing he can say or do will make me more sorry than I am or humiliate me more than the fact that I have treated him as a friend."

The icy contempt in her tone was cutting. Pearson's face was white, but he spoke clearly and with deliberation.

"Miss Warren," he said, "I must insist that you listen for another moment. I owe you an apology for—"

"Apology!" broke in Stephen, with a scornful laugh. "Apology! Well, by gad, just hear that, Caro!"

The girl's lip curled. "I do not wish to hear your apology," she said.

"But I wish you to hear it not for my attitude in the trolley matter nor for what I published in the Planet nor—"

He had spoken with great vehemence. Now he took a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his forehead. When he again looked at his niece he found her staring intently at him, and her eyes blazing.

"Have you quite finished—now?" she demanded. "Steve, be quiet!"

"Why, yes; I guess so, pretty nigh. I s'pose there ain't much use to say more. If I was to tell you that I've tried to do for you and Steve in this—same as in everything else since I took this job—as if you were my own children you wouldn't believe it. If I was to tell you, Caroline, that I'd come to think an awful lot of you you wouldn't believe that either. I did hope that since our other misunderstandin' was cleared up and you found I wa'n't what you thought I was you'd come to me and ask questions afore passin' judgment, but perhaps—"

And now she interrupted, bursting out at him in a blast of scorn which took his breath away.

"Oh, stop, stop!" she cried. "Don't say any more. You have insulted father's memory and defended the man who slandered him. Isn't that enough? Why must you go on to prove yourself a greater hypocrite? We learned, my brother and I, today more than the truth concerning your friend. We learned that you have lied—yes, lied—and—"

"Steady, Caroline! Be careful. I wouldn't say what I might be sorry for later."

"Sorry, Captain Warren. You spoke of my misjudging you. I thought I had, and I was sorry. Today I learned that your attitude in that affair was a lie like the rest. You did not pay for Mr. Moriarty's accident. Mr. Dunn's money paid those bills. And you allowed the family—and me—to thank you for your generosity. Oh, I'm ashamed to be near you!"

"There, there! Caroline, be still. I—"

"I shall not be still. I have been still altogether too long. You are my guardian. We can't help that, I suppose. Father asked you to be that for some reason, but did he ask you to live here, where you are not wanted, to shame us before our friends, ladies and gentlemen so far above you in every way, and to try to poison our minds against them and sneer at them when they are kind to us and even try to be kind to you? No, he did not. Oh, I'm sick of it all—your deceit and your hypocritical speeches and your pretended love for us! Love! Oh, if I could say something that would make you understand how thoroughly we despise you and how your presence, ever since you forced it upon Steve and me, has disgraced us! If I only could! I—I—I—"

She had been near to tears ever since Mrs. Corcoran Dunn, in the kindness of her heart, told her the "truth" that afternoon. But pride and indignation had prevented her giving way. Now, however, she broke down.

"The captain leaves the Warrens' apartment, but refuses to give up the guardianship which has caused him so much trouble. Watch for the developments in the next installment."

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"I think I've heard quite enough of Mr. Pearson already. Nothing he can say or do will make me more sorry than I am or humiliate me more than the fact that I have treated him as a friend."

Dunn and Malcolm did tell us—many things. Thank God that we have friends to tell us the truth!"

"Amen!" quietly. "I'll say amen to that, Caroline, any time. Only I want you to be sure those you call friends are real ones and that the truths they tell ain't like a bait on a fishhook, put on for bait and just thick enough to cover the barb."

"Do you mean to insinuate?" screamed the irrepressible nephew, wild at being so completely ignored. His uncle again paid not the slightest attention.

"But that ain't neither here nor there now," he went on. "Caroline, Mr. Pearson just told you that his coming to this house without tellin' you fust of his quarrel with Bije was his fault. That ain't so. The fault was mine altogether. He told me the whole story; told me that he hadn't called since it happened, on that very account. And I took the whole responsibility and asked him to come. I did! Do you know why?"

If he expected an answer none was given. Caroline's lids dropped disdainfully. "Steve," she said, "let's go."

"Stop! You'll stay here until I finish. I want to say that I didn't tell you about the trolley fuss because I wanted you to learn some things for yourself. I wanted you to know Mr. Pearson—to find out what sort of man he was afore you judged him. Then, when you had known him long enough to understand he wasn't a liar and a blackguard, and all that Steve has called him, I was goin' to tell you the whole truth, not a part of it. And, after that, I was goin' to let you decide for yourself what to do. I'm a lot older than you are. I've mixed with all sorts of folks. I'm past the stage where I can be fooled by false hair or soft soap. You can't pour sweet oil over a herra' and make me believe it's a sardine. I know the Pearson stock. I've sailed over a heap of salt water with one of the family. And I've kept my eyes open since I've run across this particular member. And I knew your father, too, Caroline Warren. And I say to you now that, knowin' Jim Pearson and Bije Warren—yes, and knowin' the rights and wrongs of that trolley business quite as well as Malcolm Dunn or anybody else—I say to you that, although Bije was my brother, I'll bet my life that Jim had all the right on his side. There! That's the truth, and no hook underneath it. And some day you'll realize it too."

He had spoken with great vehemence. Now he took a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his forehead. When he again looked at his niece he found her staring intently at him, and her eyes blazing.

"Have you quite finished—now?" she demanded. "Steve, be quiet!"

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The Christian Hope

By REV. L. W. GOSNELL
Assistant Dean, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT.—Remembering without ceasing your work of faith, and labor of love, and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ. . . . Ye turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God; and to wait for his Son from heaven, whom he raised from the dead, even Jesus, which delivered us from the wrath to come.—I Thessalonians 1:3, 9, 10.

These verses set forth the three principal graces of the Christian life—faith, love and hope. Moreover, they indicate the outcome of these graces.

The first verse speaks of the Thessalonians' "work of faith, and labor of love, and patience of hope."

It is evident, then, that faith works. There is no conflict between Paul's doctrine of faith and James' doctrine of works. The

kind of faith Paul insisted upon produces the kind of works James required. However, we believe Paul refers in the text to the very beginning of faith, as when Jesus says: "This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent" (John 6:29).

But now, having spoken of that faith in Christ which begins the Christian life, Paul goes on to speak of the "labor of love." Love tells on when faith might pause.

The New Testament Hope.

Finally, he refers to the "patience of hope;" that is, its endurance under trial. Even love ceases to labor if its task seems endless, and here is where the value of hope is seen. Especially does the hope of Christ's personal coming inspire patience, and doubtless it is this hope which is here referred to. Indeed, Bishop Moule maintains that wherever "hope" is used in the Greek Testament with the article (as it is here) it refers to "that blessed hope" of Christ's appearing.

The apostle speaks of the same elements of the Christian life in the remaining verses of the text. For example, he says: "Ye turned to God from idols;" to turn to an unseen God from idols, which they could see, was a "work of faith." Then the Thessalonians began "to serve the living and true God," which corresponds to the "labor of love." Finally, they learned "to wait for his Son from heaven," corresponding to "the patience of hope."

A Lack in Christians of Today.

Converts in the present day exhibit the first two elements, "the work of faith" and "the labor of love," but seem deficient usually in the last element, "the patience of hope." We do not deny they have a hope of a future life, but they do not usually learn "to wait for his Son from heaven," which was the distinctive hope of the early church.

Our conviction in this matter is borne out by the testimony of a great New Testament scholar, Prof. James Denney of Scotland. He says: "It (the second coming) was the great object of Christian hope. Christians not only believed Christ would come again; they not only expected him to come; they were eager for his coming. 'How long, O Lord?' they cried in their distress. 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly,' was their prayer." He adds, "It is a matter of notoriety that church in this sense does not hold its ancient place in the heart of the church."

Discovery of Some Chinese Christians.

But it does not require the learning of the scholar to see the place occupied by Christ's coming in the hope of the early Christians. The simplest reader of the New Testament must perceive this. A missionary from China reported that all the native Christians in her district were waiting for God's Son from heaven. Some one inquired who had taught them this doctrine. "No one," she replied, "they have the New Testament in their hands and have seen it for themselves."

Why has this hope been so largely lost in the church? Several answers might be given, but one is that there has been a misapprehension in the whole matter. The coming of Christ is associated in most minds with judgment and wrath, and we naturally do not dwell upon it as so conceived. But there is certainly something wrong with this conception, for the New Testament speaks of the appearing of the Savior as "that blessed hope." True, Christ's coming will bring judgment and wrath to his foes, but our text tells us that God's Son will deliver his people from "the wrath to come." Hence, as Philippians 3:20 puts it, we "look for the Savior," rather than the Judge, and certainly we should be among those who "love his appearing." As we hear his voice saying, "Surely I come quickly," may our hearts reply with apostles and prophets: "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

Kindness of Christmas.

The kindness of Christmas is the kindness of Christ. To know that God so loved us as to give us his Son as our dearest brother, has brought human affection to its highest tide on the day of that brother's birth. If God so loved us, how can we help loving one another?—Babcock.

DOCTOR URGED AN OPERATION

Instead I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Was Cured.

Baltimore, Md.—"Nearly four years I suffered from organic troubles, nervousness and headaches and every month would have to stay in bed most of the time. Treatments would relieve me for a time but my doctor was always urging me to have an operation. My sister asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before consenting to an operation. I took five bottles of it and it has completely cured me and my work is a pleasure. I tell all my friends who have any trouble of this kind what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—NELLIE B. BRITTINGHAM, 609 Calverton Rd., Baltimore, Md.

It is only natural for any woman to dread the thought of an operation. So many women have been restored to health by this famous remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after an operation has been advised that it will pay any woman who suffers from such ailments to consider trying it before submitting to such a trying ordeal.

Two little colored bards from News alley were giving a concert at a carte before a Washington hotel. The crowd which gathered was larger than any that ever regarded a soapbox orator. The boys sang, the dimes flew, they paused, and sang and danced some more. The two kids wove in witty lines as they went, and really made the thing a vaudeville act. But finally they decided it was about time for an intermission.

"We're goin' away," announced the larger, who was perhaps eight years old.

"Aw, don't do that," admonished the crowd.

"You didn't treat us right; that's all."

Dimes flew again. The boys started to sing. They saw that their audience was growing to a capacity crowd. But they started up on the last tune.

Somewhere out on the East side some one had had an argument, or else an automobile had tipped over, for an ambulance was hurrying back to the city hospital, clanging its bell.

The performers heard it. Up looked the youngest.

"Um, police!" he yelled to his little partner, and the two of them scurried as quick as lightning down the nearest alley. The crowd went on to its movies.—Indianapolis News.

Policeman's Happy Lot.

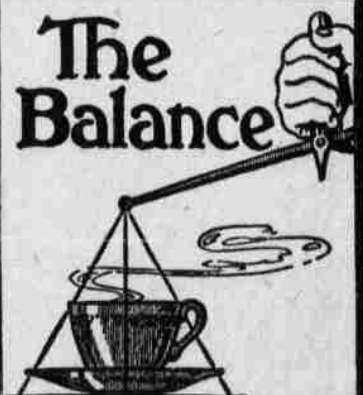
A little Indianapolis miss whose mother is dead lives with her little brothers and sister at the home of her grandmother. Her father, who is a physician, has his office and home in another part of the city.

Surrounded by everything that brings happiness to the heart of a child, the little girl's thoughts often wandered to poor daddy, who was all alone.

One day she surprised her grandmother with the startling remark: "Grandma, I wish daddy was a policeman."

"A policeman, dear! Why? Daddy is a physician, and that is a very good profession, you know."

"Yes, grandma," persisted the child, "but if daddy was a policeman he wouldn't be so lonesome."



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